

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

FALL HATS TO BE VERY LARGE OR VERY SMALL—THERE'S NO HALF WAY! THAT'S THE TIP OF FAMOUS MILLINERS.



Newest sties in fall hats, sketched by Esther Andrews, at the shops of New York's most famous milliners.

BY ESTHER ANDREWS

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Fall hats are extremely small or extremely large! And to be a Cossack is very fashionable!

These are the ahead-of-the-times edicts of New York's most famous milliners.

Tappe shows a little cap-like hat of mustard colored duvety with a

regulation visor, but it has a purple motive embroidered on the front, and the edges are catstitched in yellow wool.

He shows also a typical drum major hat in fur brightened by a flower in front.

Russian caps of all shapes are blooming everywhere.

A pretty style is to have the hat

and neckpiece of the same material, whether fur or duvety or velvet or what not.

Caps and the huge ruffy neckpieces are made of a new soft grey fur—Polishian—like the Angora mittens we used to wear.

Another pretty vagary is to have Madame's bag match her hat.

As on gowns, velvet is to be combined with other materials in hats,

such as silk, satin and chenille braid. And we are still going to be little widows, with all description droop off hats, large and small.

A cunning variation of the overhanging edge of maline of last summer is the little black hat with the maline veil hanging from inside the crown shading the eyes.

The chin strap, too, is on many fall hats and is becoming to the "jeune

file" though a bit trying for her mother.

Louise shows a little purple hat of chenille braid with a veil dripping off the back in two long points and a round, chin strap of purple or white.

The becoming tam-o'-shanter is not lost either, though it is going to be used more as a crown than as a hat by itself.

The high-crowned hat seems to be best in fall hats.

Sailors we have always with us and they grow larger each year.

Trimming is in general very simple. Ostrich feathers are making a desperate attempt to be revived but with little success. Such feathers as are used are the wispy kind, like the "paon" feathers sprouting out of the crown of the sailor.

merce, spreading around the globe in the body of the shipborne rat.

It is estimated that every case of human plague costs the municipality in which it occurs at least \$7,500. This does not take into account the enormous loss due to disastrous quarantines and the commercial paralysis which the fear of the disease so frequently produces.

The disease is now treated by a serum discovered through the genius of a scientist named Yersin. This is used in much the same way as diphtheria antitoxin.

Plague is transferred from the sick rodent to the well man by flea. The sick rat has enormous numbers of plague germs in its blood. This blood is taken by the flea which, leaving the sick rat, seeks refuge and sustenance on the body of a human being to whom it transfers the infection.

Since plague is a disease of rats and since it is carried from sick rats to well men by rat fleas, safety from the disease lies in the doing away with rats. This means not only driving them from our houses but from the ports and cities of the world.

**HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED**

E. B. R.: "I find it impossible to swallow water without noise, although I drink slowly and try to be careful. What can I do for this?"

Have your tonsils examined.

**Very Clear.**

Mechanic street extension is a one-way street. That is, any vehicle may now move only in one direction at time. In fact, vehicles hereafter will move in two directions at one time.—The New Rochelle, N. Y., Standard.

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

AS LYDIA LIKED IT.

BY CATHERINE CRAMMER.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BEING accustomed daily to the admiration of impressionable young men under twenty-five, Lydia did not set a high value upon it. She accepted it as casually as she did strawberries or cantaloupe in season—pleasing and desirable, but not indispensable.

On the first evening of a home party at Mrs. Hornaby's charming mountain cottage, Lydia was taken in to dinner by Jack Madison, who had taken turns at teasing her and making love to her for years. Her neighbor on the other side was Stanley Barnes, a dignified man of perhaps thirty-five, who had the double distinction of being a successful lawyer and a remarkable Shakespearean scholar.

"Dear me, Jack," said Lydia, in a dramatic undertone, "tell me something from Shakespeare quick! Something I can throw in for good measure when talking to my distinguished neighbor on the other side."

"Frailty, thy name is woman," quoted Jack promptly.

"Take him for all and all, he was a man," snapped Lydia, "and therefore ready to find fault with woman."

"Better not start anything with that wisacre," said Jack, still smiling at Lydia's quick retort. "It will be wasted sweetness on your part and intellectual condescension on his. Besides, I saw you first and I love you."

"Just for that!" Lydia indignantly ignored Jack's avowal of his love and turned to Stanley Barnes with a winning smile in her sparkling brown eyes.

"Mr. Barnes, do you think the Shakespearean revival this year will tend to create a more general interest in the immortal bard?"

Stanley Barnes lifted his eyebrows and opened his gray eyes wide in surprise.

"For the first time in a year I sat up today!"

Mollie and Dick came this morning, both of them almost as excited as I was. When everything was ready, Dick would not allow anyone to lift me but himself.

When he picked me up he whispered partly to me and partly to himself, "How light you are, Margie, you weigh almost like a feather."

Then he set me down, oh so carefully, in the soft invalid chair and to my great joy I found I could sit up and move my legs and feet.

"Look, Dick," I exclaimed, as I lifted one of my legs and flexed the knee a little. "Oh Dick, Dick, doesn't that seem as though someone had handed you a million dollars? Although I am quite afraid to ask what that blessed doctor's bill was yet I am sure that all my life I will go without luxury to pay him."

"I, too, was a little afraid to ask for the great surgeon's bill, Margie," said Dick. "but yesterday he sent it and much to my surprise it was only a thousand dollars! When I went to pay him I told him I expected his services would have cost more. 'But you see,' he said, 'I came here on my vacation and part of the recompense for the operation may be a sop to my vanity in showing your splendid surgeons a new way to help suffering humanity.'"

"He tells me," continued Dick, "he has decided to stay in this country and start a hospital for children crippled by spinal diseases."

I wonder, little book, if it were wrong not to have told Dick I had known Malcolm Stuart was going to do this. I don't know why I shrink from telling anyone of the intimacy that has grown up between Mr. Stuart and me. Perhaps it is because, while I was ill, it was a kind of secret garden open to myself to refresh my soul.

prize as he turned to reply. He would not have been more surprised had the austere teacher of English who was his dinner partner and his host's sister, suddenly asked him if he didn't adore some popular matinee idol.

"Why—er, I hope so, Miss Parker," said Mr. Barnes, doubtfully, and Lydia mistook his slowness in answering for the intellectual condescension Jack had predicted. The truth is that Stanley Barnes was thinking what a charming Katherine or Rosalind this vivacious questioner of his would make, but Jack and the teacher of English just then joined forces to take their minds from Shakespeare, and later, when her distinguished neighbor addressed Lydia, he touched upon lighter themes. She inwardly determined that she would some day compel that "terrible high-brow" to recognize her as something more than a doll baby in conversation.

"Please let your lamps rest on a poor devil of a lowbrow," said Jack. "I'm beginning to feel as much of a dead one as 'Alas, poor Yorick,' ever was."

Lydia caught the teasing note in Jack's voice, and ignored his plea.

"Evidently, 'The rest is silence,'" said Jack, marveling as much as Lydia at his fund of quotations from Shakespeare.

The next morning Lydia crawled out of bed early to take a peep at the mountain sunrise, and she saw Stanley Barnes in khaki and heavy shoes and puttees setting out for a climb all alone. Being already in an adventurous mood, she decided to take an early morning ramble herself, and who knew but she might meet the interesting, if indifferent, Mr. Barnes as he returned?

"What are you up to, Lydia?" called Alice Mason, sleepily from the twin bed beside the one just vacated by Lydia.

"Up to see the sun rise. Don't you want to come, too?"

"No, indeed," came the sleepy response as Alice turned over and drew the covers close about her neck.

In her corduroy suit and high brown boots Lydia started out for a climb. The cool stillness of the early morning made her feel very tiny and helpless, but as the sunlight warmed her body and brightened the coppery

lyarly appealed to me who has suffered from a kind of loneliness all my life, especially the last year.

And, some way, little book, I shrink from letting anyone see that bit of flattery put up in the prose poem which he called Salvia. It was a description of the woman I should like to be. And the subtlest compliment was the fact that he saw the germ of courage in me and encouraged it by making it bloom and hold up its head.

Some people, little book, might say this is a question of right and wrong when I can only feel it is a question of temperament. It would hurt me inexpressibly if by any chance someone would misunderstand Mr. Stuart's letters.

I know they were written by a lonely man to a lonely woman—a woman who had no hope and to whom a bolster for her courage was the greatest boon for her.

Lydia caught the teasing note in Jack's voice, and ignored his plea.

"Evidently, 'The rest is silence,'" said Jack, marveling as much as Lydia at his fund of quotations from Shakespeare.

The next morning Lydia crawled out of bed early to take a peep at the mountain sunrise, and she saw Stanley Barnes in khaki and heavy shoes and puttees setting out for a climb all alone. Being already in an adventurous mood, she decided to take an early morning ramble herself, and who knew but she might meet the interesting, if indifferent, Mr. Barnes as he returned?

"What are you up to, Lydia?" called Alice Mason, sleepily from the twin bed beside the one just vacated by Lydia.

"Up to see the sun rise. Don't you want to come, too?"

"No, indeed," came the sleepy response as Alice turned over and drew the covers close about her neck.

In her corduroy suit and high brown boots Lydia started out for a climb. The cool stillness of the early morning made her feel very tiny and helpless, but as the sunlight warmed her body and brightened the coppery

lyarly appealed to me who has suffered from a kind of loneliness all my life, especially the last year.

And, some way, little book, I shrink from letting anyone see that bit of flattery put up in the prose poem which he called Salvia. It was a description of the woman I should like to be. And the subtlest compliment was the fact that he saw the germ of courage in me and encouraged it by making it bloom and hold up its head.

Some people, little book, might say this is a question of right and wrong when I can only feel it is a question of temperament. It would hurt me inexpressibly if by any chance someone would misunderstand Mr. Stuart's letters.

I know they were written by a lonely man to a lonely woman—a woman who had no hope and to whom a bolster for her courage was the greatest boon for her.

lyarly appealed to me who has suffered from a kind of loneliness all my life, especially the last year.

And, some way, little book, I shrink from letting anyone see that bit of flattery put up in the prose poem which he called Salvia. It was a description of the woman I should like to be. And the subtlest compliment was the fact that he saw the germ of courage in me and encouraged it by making it bloom and hold up its head.

Some people, little book, might say this is a question of right and wrong when I can only feel it is a question of temperament. It would hurt me inexpressibly if by any chance someone would misunderstand Mr. Stuart's letters.

I know they were written by a lonely man to a lonely woman—a woman who had no hope and to whom a bolster for her courage was the greatest boon for her.

lyarly appealed to me who has suffered from a kind of loneliness all my life, especially the last year.

And, some way, little book, I shrink from letting anyone see that bit of flattery put up in the prose poem which he called Salvia. It was a description of the woman I should like to be. And the subtlest compliment was the fact that he saw the germ of courage in me and encouraged it by making it bloom and hold up its head.

Some people, little book, might say this is a question of right and wrong when I can only feel it is a question of temperament. It would hurt me inexpressibly if by any chance someone would misunderstand Mr. Stuart's letters.

I know they were written by a lonely man to a lonely woman—a woman who had no hope and to whom a bolster for her courage was the greatest boon for her.

lyarly appealed to me who has suffered from a kind of loneliness all my life, especially the last year.

And, some way, little book, I shrink from letting anyone see that bit of flattery put up in the prose poem which he called Salvia. It was a description of the woman I should like to be. And the subtlest compliment was the fact that he saw the germ of courage in me and encouraged it by making it bloom and hold up its head.

Some people, little book, might say this is a question of right and wrong when I can only feel it is a question of temperament. It would hurt me inexpressibly if by any chance someone would misunderstand Mr. Stuart's letters.

quotation, but she felt its aptness so keenly that unconsciously she slipped her hand into Stanley's as her sign of acquiescence without words.

"Hey, there!" came Jack Madison's voice from far below. "Come down to earth and have breakfast!"

With a sigh, they left the loveliness that surrounded them there and obeyed Jack's unromantic summons.

When they joined the rest of the guests on the sun porch for breakfast Jack saw a serious light in Lydia's eyes that caused him to close his lips so determinedly that his boyish smile was obliterated.

That night, for the fourth and last time, he proposed to Lydia and was refused with more firmness than she had shown on any of the three former occasions. His white face and tightly set lips as they re-entered the drawing room from the porch made Lydia feel sorry for him. She liked his boyish impulsiveness, but had never relished his teasing and his habitual attitude of refusing to take her seriously.

Seeing Mrs. Hornaby corral Jack for a bridge game, Lydia slipped from the room to avoid being similarly captured. She threw a soft white wool shawl about her and descended to the porch. The round, white moon was just emerging from behind the blackness of the mountains. She stood quite still for a few moments thinking of all the pleasures she had enjoyed with Jack, but felt

that she had been right in refusing him.

"The man I marry must have enough seriousness to recognize what little bit there is of it in me," she mused, "and Jack is even more frivolous than I."

Then she recalled how Stanley Barnes had that morning recognized her as she had resolved the evening before to make him recognize her—as something more than a doll baby, or a chattering society sparrow. At the sound of a step on the porch, she turned and recognized the man who was in her thoughts approaching.

"Are you, also, a refugee from bridge?" he asked. "May I join you?"

"Yes," Lydia answered both questions with one word. "I suppose it was rude, but I couldn't endure the thought of bridge tonight. I seemed to hear the bigness of things outside calling me." As Stanley joined her where she stood at the railing, she added, "I defy even your Mr. Shakespeare to find words to describe the loveliness of this night."

"As you like it," lady fair," said Stanley, with a deferential bow, and so they stood there for a time in wordless enjoyment of the picture before them.

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

**SEVERE PUNISHMENT**

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mr. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good.

I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it.

Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly trouble, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlastingly tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper, N. C. 124

Top, Bab Wollinsky, born in a hearse; below, Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky and son, Joseph, Jr.

world to the hum of a speeding motor car. Baby Wollinsky is just as happy as a baby can be. Perfectly healthy, too.

## BABY BORN IN HEARSE IS HEALTHY AND HAPPY; MOTHER REFUSES TO WORRY



Staff Special.

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky says she does not believe in signs so she and her new son will never worry because he was born in a hearse.

Baby Wollinsky never meant to have a hearse for a cradle—but accidents will happen.

His mother, Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky started for Michael Reese hospital when she knew a great event was to happen.

The ride on the street car was long—too long.

Out on Western avenue the conductor stopped the car and balled the first vehicle in eight. It was a hearse.

The mother was lifted from the car onto the death chariot and a race with life began. The chauffeur lost. When he reached the hospital a baby that had grim death as its godfather was handed to the nurse.

Though he was born behind the curtains of a hearse, and came into the

world to the hum of a speeding motor car. Baby Wollinsky is just as happy as a baby can be. Perfectly healthy, too.

Top, Bab Wollinsky, born in a hearse; below, Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky and son, Joseph, Jr.

world to the hum of a speeding motor car. Baby Wollinsky is just as happy as a baby can be. Perfectly healthy, too.

Top, Bab Wollinsky, born in a hearse; below, Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky and son, Joseph, Jr.

world to the hum of a speeding motor car. Baby Wollinsky is just as happy as a baby can be. Perfectly healthy, too.

Top, Bab Wollinsky, born in a hearse; below, Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky and son, Joseph, Jr.

world to the hum of a speeding motor car. Baby Wollinsky is just as happy as a baby can be. Perfectly healthy, too.

Top, Bab Wollinsky, born in a hearse; below, Mrs. Joseph Wollinsky and son, Joseph, Jr.

## HEALTH HINTS

BLACK DEATH!

Bubonic plague of today is identical with the black death of the middle ages.

It is primarily a disease of rates caused by a short dumbbell shaped microscopic vegetable, the pest germ.

It occurs in man in three forms, the pneumonic, which has a death rate of almost 100 per cent.; the septicemic, which is nearly as fatal, and the bubonic in which even the most modern methods of treatment fail to bring the mortality rate lower than 50 per cent.

Bubonic plague is a disease of commerce.

**MANY IN FAIRMONT TRY SIMPLE MIXTURE**

Many Fairmont people are surprised at the QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. This simple remedy acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. A few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-ika is astonishing. Martin's Drug Co.

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

When Mrs. Hornaby's ample form appeared in the doorway and her voice called back to her guests that she was going to find those trunks and punish them by making them "man the muscle machine," they knew that their little hour was over, but went in without reluctance, for Lydia had already assured Stanley that life, as he asked her to share it with him, would be just as she liked it, and the very first record she put on the machine was "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

## CURE EXPECTED BY RESIDENT OF CATAWBA

Mrs. R. P. Prickett Writes Crane Eloquent Nerv-Worth Story.

This comparatively new local endorsement tells a good deal in a small compass.

Crane's Drug Store—I have suffered with stomach trouble for ten years. Bloating, headache, sleepless nights. Worried a great deal. Was sad and would cry for hours without any cause only extreme nervousness. Food would not digest.

Doctored for years. Got but very little relief. I am now much better since Nerv-Worth came to the rescue. Taken three bottles Nerv-Worth and I'm getting much better and believe it will cure me.

MRS. R. P. PRICKETT, Catawba, W. Va.

Your dollar back at Crane's Drug Store if Nerv-Worth does not benefit you.

Quality Purity Accuracy Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions,

**Mountain City Drug Co.**

Opposite Court House

**Light Lunches**

for home consumption or to take on outings or to business will be in order as the weather grows colder. Many appetite tempters for easy carrying here—a dozen varieties of crackers, and cheeses, potted and sliced meats, sardines, olives, jams, jellies and first creamy butter. Like sandwiches? Here's the material for their making.

**Chicago Dairy Co.**

309 Madison Street.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(EVIDENTLY MARRIAGE MEANS ECONOMY TO EUGENE.)—BY ALLMAN.

